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commonweal

'It's not enough to be sympathetic'

An interview with Daniel Berrigan

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NEWS & VIEWS

Selective Piety

Richard Nixon's White House frequently takes on the character of an interfaith chapel, what with people like Billy Graham and Cardinal Cooke forever coming and going, it seems, for religious services.

But now, as ever, Nixon's White House is only open to a special kind of churchman.

In the early days of his Administration, Nixon spurned Quaker co-religionists who presumably wished to speak to him about peace. A "pastoral visit" is an old Quaker custom whereby a committee of fellow Quakers calls upon one of their faith who is undertaking an important mission, or one who may have become wayward and need reform.

The Quakers made several efforts; they never got to Nixon.

Neither did Bishop John Wesley Lord of the United Methodist church when recently he sought to deliver documents on peace drafted by the church's Council of Bishops.

Bishop Lord tried "for weeks" to gain access, then went public with his irritation. He accused Nixon of refusing to see church leaders whose views differ from his own, and specifically mentioned representatives of "mainline" churches and the National Council of Churches.

Henry C. Cashen II, Presidential assistant on domestic affairs, demurred. He said the President is "extremely hard-working and trying to conserve his time."

That's the same thing they told the Quakers in '69 and '70.

Vocations in France

The vocations problem is as real in France as it is in any other country of the world, but the percentage of the vocations decline is nowhere near as great there as in other countries one might name.

The phenomenon fascinated the editors of the prestigious French magazine *Réalités,* and set them digging into why young French males wanted to become priests in numbers comparable to the past.

They found that vocations still were strongest in the provincial areas (the West of France produces 17 seminarians per 100,000 population; Paris region, five per 100,000), but that a whole new psychology had developed.

Young Frenchmen no longer become priests "to have white bread every day and chicken on Sunday," *Réalités* remarked. Nor in order to become "respected and prominent." They become priests "in order to fight."

"We believe that the best way to counter evil, misery, injustice is to proclaim Jesus Christ," one seminarian is quoted. "Our vocation is as simple as that."

Said another: "Jesus Christ is a person who is actualized in his church. Little by little I came to understand that my vocation was to gather the community together in his name. There has to be someone who is at the service of that community, the Christian community, who has it in his care . . ."

Another change, *Réalités* discovered, is that the seminary is no longer solely responsible for the formation of priests.

Of 3,750 French seminarians, *Réalités* noted that only two-thirds (2,180) lived in a seminary. Of the remainder, 501 were in military service (no clerical exemptions there), 830 at universities or with worker groups, and the rest at work.

Réalités does not make any predictions where all this is going to lead, except to say that "a new priest is being born," who possesses not only dynamism and intelligence, but a taste of adventure for the rough seas ahead for the church.

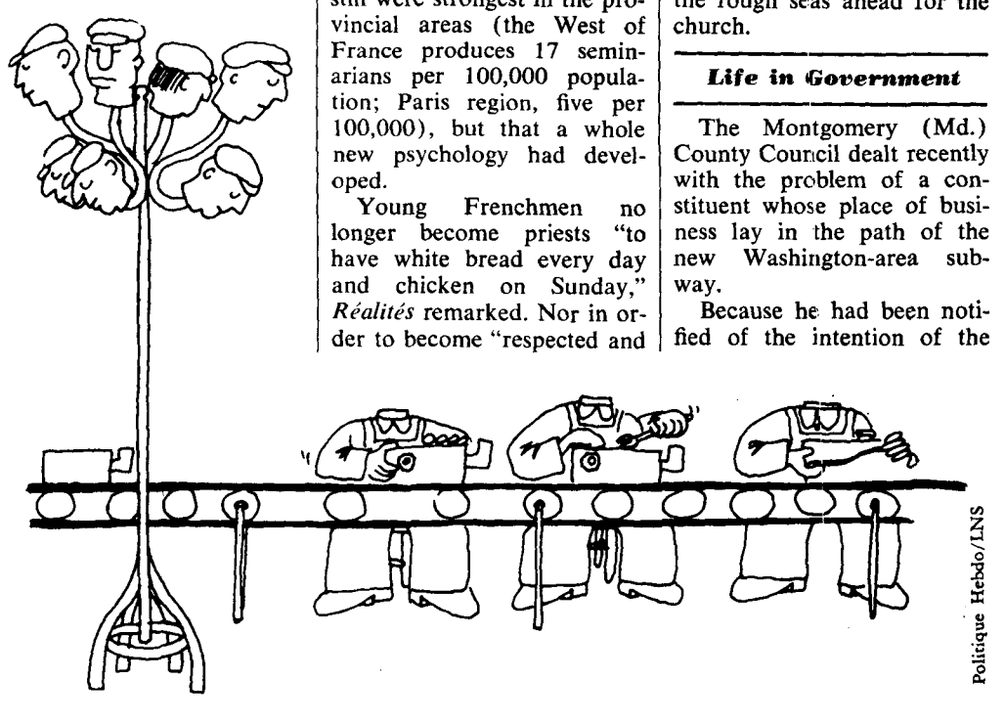
Life in Government

The Montgomery (Md.) County Council dealt recently with the problem of a constituent whose place of business lay in the path of the new Washington-area subway.

Because he had been notified of the intention of the transit authority to condemn his property, the owner let his insurance lapse. Vandals broke in one night and smashed windows right and left—but it didn't seem important when the whole building was to be demolished.

The owner underestimated bureaucracy at work.

The transit authority notified him that every pane must be replaced before they buy . . . in order to demolish.



Politique Hebdo/LNS

Quotes of the Week

—General William C. Westmoreland to the graduating class at West Point: "[The model] of discipline you must exemplify as officers is the discipline of free men, a discipline not enforced by threat of death or the hangman's noose, but the discipline of self-restraint."

Westmoreland self-restraint?

—Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien to the Conference of Mayors: "It is most fitting—even symbolic—that the U.S. Conference of Mayors should be sitting virtually on the eve of what may be the most momentous political convention of our time. For the Democratic National Convention, which gathers three weeks from tonight, will be—must be—the convention where the forgotten Americans are remembered again."

As in Chicago?

Fewer Fewers

There'll always be an England . . . or Mr. John Driscoll's letter to the editor of the London *Times*:

"Sir, I share Mr. Anthony Armstrong's uneasiness at the increasing use of less, which relates to quantity, for fewer, which relates to number.

"Surely one has only to remember that the greater spotted woodpecker has fewer spots than the lesser spotted woodpecker to avoid this regrettable error."

That's your thought for the day.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Hegemony or Harmony?

Notre Dame, Indiana

To the Editors: While appreciating Fr. Kilian McDonnell's article on Catholic Charismatics in your issue of May 5, 1972, may I make a plea that we cease to identify Catholic Pentecostalism solely with Ann Arbor and Notre Dame (more correctly South Bend). Fr. Kilian's sources of information do not seem to be representative of Pentecostalism as a whole. In the view of many who have pastoral care of Pentecostals and of many of us within the movement itself the most "sensitive and competent" exponents are—to name a few—the Benedictines of New Mexico and Wisconsin, Quinn (Florida), Gelpi (New Orleans), Anthony (Florida) etc. etc.; much of their teaching is available in print or through tape recordings. (Incidentally my own works have been described—in the presence of three bishops—as "the most intelligent writing on Pentecostalism" but they were not allowed to be sold at the fifth international conference held on our own campus!) Yet Fr. Kilian omits the above sources and subconsciously supports the myth that "one checks one's orthodoxy, not by the church, but by Ann Arbor" (statement of a Boston priest).

It would appear that the maturation of the Pentecostal Movement is being impeded in two ways. Firstly, there is the hegemony of the Ann Arbor and South Bend leaders and their intimate friends who have done a great deal of good but hold some old-fashioned ideas and, secondly, on various occasions there seems to have been a disregard of basic human virtues, such as, justice, love, kindness and honesty. I do not believe that there is malicious intent but rather the leaders are so concerned about maintaining their positions and so convinced that they are a "body through whom the Lord speaks" that they tend to be out of touch with reality. Genuine spirituality is accom-

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THE LAVELLE CASE

General John D. Lavelle, the man who ordered repeated and unauthorized bombing attacks on North Vietnam, may end up a hero to the right wing. He is no hero to us. Indeed, his conduct besmirches the nation's good name and raises the most serious questions about this country's traditional subordination of the military power to civilian control.

The day-by-day disclosure of details in this affair has been interesting and instructive. General Lavelle ordered the forces under his command to carry out bombing strikes against North Vietnam despite a Presidential ban on such actions, thus possibly damaging peace negotiations in progress, then covered his tracks in official reports by describing the raids as "protective reaction" strikes in response to non-existent enemy attacks. This private war in defiance of higher orders went on for months, yet the significant thing is that it was not disclosed as a result of normal military supervision but came out only when an enlisted man finally wrote to Senator Hughes of Iowa about the matter. The next point of interest is the penalty handed to General Lavelle for his repeated breach of orders: not court-martial but honorable retirement as a three- rather than a four-star general—but at four-star pay. One does not have to be very imaginative to picture what punishment an enlisted man under General Lavelle might have suffered for comparable disobedience to explicit orders. Finally, there is the question of how widespread was the knowledge of this defiance of orders: it is hard to believe that General Lavelle's colleagues and superior officers did not know exactly what was being done in defiance of official U.S. policy, and this would necessarily include General Creighton W. Abrams, Vietnam commander recently named by President Nixon to be Army Chief of Staff; it is hard to believe that there was not at least an unofficial conspiracy of the generals to thwart the declared policies of the duly elected President. The gravity of such mass defiance of civilian authority can hardly be exaggerated, and to condone it is to invite disaster beyond the officers' revolt that France suffered over Algeria. With our planes already bombing only seconds away from China's borders, what guarantee have we now that some General Strangelove will not set off a nuclear war by deciding to follow General Lavelle's example by "taking out" China's nuclear capacity with a quick strike, official policy or no? At this point the notion does not

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seem too far-fetched. Disclosures since the Lavelle case indicate that the Air Force regularly planned and carried out massive attacks on North Vietnam under the guise of "protective reaction" as long ago as 1970, or so at least goes the testimony of former Air Force photo-intelligence specialists. The very term "protective reaction" was apparently a joke among those who knew what was going on. "Protective reaction," said one, "was just a euphemism for the F-4's to stage raids over Laos and North Vietnam and bomb the hell out of them." Again the seriousness of the issue can hardly be overstated. The average American who supports Mr. Nixon does so because he thinks the President is trying in good faith to get us out of Vietnam. Most Americans are simply unaware of the sorrowful litany of deceit and deception our leaders have practiced in our name, from innocent-looking but loaded peace offers to bomb halts that now turn out not to have been halts at all. As Tom Wicker of the *N.Y. Times* has pointed out, the great difficulty in making peace in Vietnam is that the other side does not trust us. Why should they?

ON FLOODS

The catastrophes of nature—earthquakes, hurricanes, floods—reduce us to our elemental selves. No, we are not being punished for our pride, and the earth is not a temperamental goddess who lashes back when she is taken for granted or abused. Rather, we are simply reminded from time to time of the limitations of our foresight, the bugs in our technology, the transience of our wealth.

We have experienced, and witnessed, American history's worst flood. As the waters recede, leaving behind dead fish and dead bodies in tons of reeking mud, millions of Americans now become united in suffering. We might argue that dikes and dams should have been built higher, that there should have been broader federal legislation to insure property, and that governments should have mobilized more efficiently to meet the emergency. Yet, no man nor group of men gave the order that brought on this week-long merciless storm. The dead and homeless are victims of a nameless force we call, for want of a better concept, fate; they are not victims of a policy decision by their fellow-men.

At Harrisburg the President's helicopter hovered over the inundated Bethelehem steel plant and the President said it was sad. The same day his planes dropped their "smart" bombs into the open hearth furnaces of the Thainguyen steel plant near Hanoi in an unsuccessful attempt to destroy North Vietnam's entire steel producing capacity.

Meanwhile, Senator Claiborne Pell has charged that our military's seeding of the Vietnam clouds to clear them away for bombing has brought on rains and floods killing thousands. And, as the rainy-season waters rise, two thousand miles of dikes and dams are holding back the Red River from the Tonkin plains where fifteen million people live. To bomb these dikes would bring starvation and death to millions. The previous Administration let them stand because, Secretary Robert McNamara wrote, "There may be a limit beyond which many Americans and most of the world would not permit the United States to go." Yet, this Administration is eyeing them, and now there is evidence that they have been hit. Floods reduce us to our elemental selves. Whether we are reacting to them or causing them, they reveal what we really are.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated July 28, August 11, August 25, September 8, and September 22. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

The Death Of a Radical

There are a few people in our lives who help us gain that magical treasure men call perspective. Saul Alinsky, radical community organizer, did that for a great number of people, and now he is dead.

At a crucial time in my life he taught me how to stand on my head and look at the world. As a result I saw things in a whole new way: injustice, power elite, apathetic citizens, the power of organized people. Most of all Saul Alinsky taught many of us how to do something about such situations within a democratic society.

I remember his delightful use of irreverence. In 12 seminary years and half that again in suburban parish and teaching positions the virtue of calculated irreverence had atrophied in my Christian panoply. With Saul irreverence was wielded like a biblical staff, smashing down idols and prodding the sacred cows that keep people enslaved and afraid.

Saul Alinsky was a charitable man for all his "rubbing raw the sores of discontent." He knew you had to get angry and do something about injustice and people suffering. From him I relearned that it is not enough to hang back in conflict situations, as many churchmen are wont to do, and await the moment of reconciliation. Yet, while always intensely personal, the Good Organizer's anger was seldom aimed at persons. "I have learned," he wrote, in

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Anglicans Opt For the Status Quo

In the aftermath of the vote on Anglican-Methodist reunion on May 3 there must be a number of honorable contenders for the See of Canterbury who feel that only a masochist would now take on the job. For all his outward stoicism Dr. Ramsey himself, now 67 and able to collect his ecclesiastical pension on November 14, must be longing to lay down what for a radical theologian is probably the most thankless task in Christendom. After the administrative reign of Dr. Fisher the Church of England welcomes a theologian for its leader; on the most important purely religious issue of its day, a concrete scheme for reunion of the Anglican and Methodist Communions, the church expected leadership and Dr. Ramsey gave it; and after cheering him to the vaults they sent his prayers for reunion, and by implication his leadership, packing.

This is not to say that the result should be interpreted as a vote of no-confidence in Dr. Ramsey and that his duty now is to resign. Even by his critics he is loved and respected, and the Church of England is not in any case given to toppling archbishops. When Dr. Ramsey assured a press conference that he was still all there up top and had no intention of quitting over the issue no one challenged the obvious.

One of the proudest boasts of the Church of England is its breadth and depth, its catholicism in the widest sense, its very English habit of reserving the right to embrace all shades of opinion and none while proclaiming a gospel of truth. And the truth of the matter now is that what the Church of England has voted for and landed itself with for the foreseeable future is the status quo.

The question is often asked—mainly by B.B.C. interviewers—how representative is the General Synod of the Church of England, and although the Synod is un-

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Reveille for Radicals, "not to confuse power patterns with the personalities of the individuals involved; in other words, to hate conditions, not individuals."

Saul Alinsky was an educator who used the action as his classroom. A favorite adage of his: "When an organizer wins, he takes time amidst the celebration to find out why he won. When he loses, he takes time even in his depression to ask why." If you worked with him you had to learn to know why you did certain things and why your opponents did what they did.

As organizers he wanted what he called "well integrated schizoids," activists who were reflective thinkers and tacticians. "I have learned," he said, "to freeze my hot anger into cool anger and to make my intuitive irreverence conscious, to challenge not only the opposition but myself, to realize and accept the prime importance of the Socratic adage about the unexamined life. Through action, reflection, study, testing and synthesis I have learned to distill experience from living."

Above all Saul Alinsky was a faithful man. He loved people despite all the odds. To an extent that I have known in few prelates or politicians, Saul Alinsky believed that "if people have the power, the opportunity to act, in the long run they will, most of the time, reach the right decision." Such faith perdured despite many disappointments.

In late years his agnostic heart was saddened by developments in the Catholic Church. He thought that much of the post Vatican II reform had to do with non-essentials. The hang-up with celibacy he saw as robbing the voluntary sector of many young, creative, full-time workers.

The endless discussions of episcopal authority and priestly identity he looked upon as cop-outs for people who sorely needed a new agenda for action. After a long discussion with priests reorganizing their diocesan priests' council, a discussion which foundered upon the need for a new theology of priesthood, Saul remarked drily that the need appeared to be for "a theology of manhood not priesthood."

A great man. He asked me when we first met, as he had asked many others, whether I wanted to be a bishop. When I answered that such an ambition was not high on my present priorities, he smiled and said that such asceticism would provide freedom later on when the action heated up.

Saul talked a lot about death. Maybe he was afraid. I don't know. But whatever his subconscious reasons, his awareness of his own mortality and the shortness of life made him a lot freer and braver about doing things that had to be done "come rack, come rope."

In his biography of John L. Lewis, his mentor and friend, Alinsky quotes Lewis as saying shortly before his death, "I care not what might have been. I care only for today and the wonder of life itself, the sunrise of tomorrow and the new dawn. For this and in this I live."

That's not a bad epitaph for Saul David Alinsky.

P. DAVID FINKS

(Father P. David Finks is associate director, Division for Urban Life, Dept. of Social Development, United States Catholic Conference.)

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questionably middle-class and middle-aged (older even, I suspect, than the previous Church Assembly) the outcome of its vote on Anglican-Methodist reunion reflected very closely the straw votes taken earlier this year in the diocesan synods, where something like 68 percent of the clergy and laity said Yes; in the General Synod, 85 percent of the bishops were in favor, 65 percent of the clergy and 62 percent of the laity. An overall majority of 75 percent was required; the result was only 65 percent. It could well be that the diocesan synods are themselves not particularly representative of the people in the pew, and the common gibe that the Church of England is essentially a middle-class church (the Tory party at prayer in fact) is only a reflection of a partial image; it takes no account of many flourishing working-class parishes, many of them rather High and traditional, external relics of the Victorian Oxford Movement that did so much with candles and incense to brighten the lives of the poor.

At this parish level a dilemma now exists for the bishops, for since the scheme for reunion was first rejected by the Anglican Convocations three years ago, many local congregations have been getting together with their Methodist neighbors, and I cannot see these experiments in corporate worship and good work being abandoned just because one church parliament has said no to an official merger. After the Anglican rejection of the scheme the Archbishop of Canterbury dropped a hint about his own view on the matter. To "restless young Anglicans" who might refuse to acknowledge this ecclesiastical setback, he had this to say: "Although this has not come off, there are many signs in all churches of the conviction that they must work together as fellow Christions. Go on with it, I am with you." That just could be interpreted as an invitation to spiritual anarchy, to follow the Holy Spirit where it listeth. If in the next few months the Archbishop follows up, privately or publicly, the implications of his remark, he will be shifting the grounds of his leadership from the stony floor of Church House to the grassroots of parochial church life, which will probably be the only truly prophetic thing left for him to do.

There is no doubt that in recent years one of the few religious programs to capture popular imagination was the ecumenical movement. And for such a positive outcome of the movement to collapse as this concrete scheme for reunion between two churches with a great deal in common is bound to set up a shock wave throughout the entire Christian world. To secular society it will be just one further proof that in ecclesiastical affairs, politics predominate. The excuse for voting against the scheme was always a theological one, unease about Methodist orders if you were High, unease about appearing to doubt Methodist orders if you were Low.

Rome is believed to be on the point officially of acknowledging the validity of Anglican orders, and fears that she would back away in fright if the Anglican embraced the Methodists, who are not at present ordained by bishops, prompted bishops like Ripon and Peterborough to lead the opposition. Where Dr. Ramsey came in was as a reformed Anglo-Catholic, as a liberal-catholic theologian who said that only God knew what each church needed for its ministry, that God would supply that need, and that a healthy ambiguity on the issue was theologically justified. Not enough people thought him right, his theological advice was rejected, and the Church of England's position as a leader of the ecumenical movement is probably at an end.

For Dr. Ramsey personally this is a bitter blow, for he took over from Pope John the mantle of paternity, and while he has always been a prophet in his own land, where kissing Orthodox patriarchs doesn't count for much, overseas he has been recognized as the most ardent ecumenist of his day. He really does believe in the need for a united church, and unlike most of his fellow countrymen who happen to be members of the Church of England, he would genuinely wish to give up almost everything except his integrity to obtain what he believes to be God's will. Whether he goes this year or next (my own guess is not before 1974, for with his most widely tipped successor, the Bishop of Durham, recovering from a heart attack the leadership stakes are now wide open) it is certain the remainder of his time at Canterbury will be an anti-climax, a time of real sadness in which I believe he will come to see the Church of England more and more as others see it, as a very colorful institution on Coronation Day but as a bit of a poor show when solid issues like Anglican-Methodist reunion actually raise their progressive heads

MICHAEL DE-LA-NOY

COMING

DANIEL MAGUIRE writes about death and dying in a Christian perspective:

"The question now arising is whether, in certain circumstances, we may intervene creatively to achieve death by choice or whether mortal man must in all cases await the good pleasure of biochemical and organic factors and allow these to determine the time and the manner of his demise. In more religious language, can the will of God regarding a person's death be manifested only through the collapse of sick or wounded organs or could it also be discovered through the sensitivities and reasonings of moral man? Could there be circumstances when it would be acutely reasonable (and therefore moral if one uses 'reason' in a Thomistic sense) to terminate life through either positive action or calculated benign neglect?"

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AMERICA THE GOOD

PETER STEINFELS

THE MEN at Engine 62-Ladder 32 firehouse in the Bronx were disturbed by what they saw in the paper the other day. Maybe you saw it, too: a picture of five terrified children, one of them naked, fleeing down a South Vietnam road. The caption in *Newsweek* told the story: "During a battle northwest of Saigon last week, South Vietnamese pilots accidentally overshot their target and dumped four canisters of napalm on the village of Tran Bang. A score of South Vietnamese soldiers and civilians were instantly devoured by the flames. Dozens of survivors, old and young, raced for safety down Highway 1. In their agony, some had ripped off their burning clothes, but there was no relief: the gelatinous napalm continued to burn into their skin."

The firemen who saw that picture are good men. They have children of their own. They risk their lives to save people from burning. When they are not risking their lives, they often collect money and supplies for the victims of disasters like the recent East Coast floods.

So the men of Engine 62-Ladder 32 sent a notice to other firehouses. It was titled "Let's Do Something Nice." It announced "a plan to help these little kids forget what they have seen and suffered. We want to bring them to the U.S. for a little rest and relaxation. Maybe a summer vacation with us will make them feel better."

There is no begrudging the real desire to help in the hearts of these men. But there is also no avoiding the pathetic, almost bitter, dimension of their spontaneous reaction. America has no language, no concepts, no experience, to understand what we are doing in Vietnam; or if we had, we have buried it under the sediment of official pieties. We have only the hershey-bar response. With all good-will the firemen of the Bronx seem to believe that a visit to this good and beautiful land of ours might compensate for the horrors of war. Does not every child in the world dream of these golden shores? Take them to Disneyland, to Coney Island, pat their heads and pass them hot dogs at the ballpark. The kindliness is genuine, the naiveté is both touching and frightening, but the myth which informs this gesture is finally deceptive and dangerous. And it is to this myth that so many Americans, now that our own soldiers are no longer being killed, have been retreating.

The firemen perhaps have a special excuse. They are accustomed to confronting "natural disasters," frightful accidents, where the best one can do is console the survivors. The canisters of napalm which fell on Trang Bang were not natural disasters, however. They were Made in America, paid by America; they were meant to burn human flesh, though not, of course, where that could be photographed. But more and more we are tempted to treat the war as a natural disaster; it will end someday, and meantime it is to be endured, suffered through, although, needless to say, not by us. The President encourages this belief. In every message on the war, he emphasizes the inevitability of our course of action.

Can we learn to live with this inevitability? Will we shrug off the Lavelle affair, while we watch the trial of Ellsberg? Will we react with mild consternation to the ever-widening bombing of North Vietnam? (The other day the U.S. bombed North Vietnam's only modern steel plant. This morning's paper reports the bombing of a major hospital in Hanoi. No doubt it was a "smart" bomb that took out the steel plant and a "dumb" one which took out the hospital. We have all kinds.)

Whom are we to believe about the bombing of dikes? The North Vietnamese say we are bombing the dikes which protect the lives and livelihoods of fifteen million people on the Tonkin plain. They give dates and places, and foreign observers have corroborated some of the incidents. Washington denies the charges, recently adding, however, that some dams may have been hit by raids on hydro-electric plants. The President has called the dikes "a strategic target, and indirectly a military target" while stating that "the enormous number of civilian casualties" which would be caused by bombing them "is something we want to avoid. It is also something we believe is not needed." He said that last April. Are more civilian casualties "needed" now than then? Will they be "needed" next month, or the next? Will anyone care?

Yes, people will care. The firemen of Engine 62-Ladder 32 firehouse will care, in their own way. But that way is not good enough. It assumes what must be questioned: that America is a benign, healing force which, in the end, can right all wrongs. Henry Kissinger does not believe that. Richard Nixon does not believe that. But it is to their advantage that Bronx firemen and people all across America believe that. The belief has been battered, of course, and badly. But no other way of looking at our own nation in its world role has quite supplanted it. Whether another way will emerge—something between this sentimental acquiescence and a sentimental rage—is one of the underlying issues of the election campaign.

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'It's not enough to be sympathetic'

An interview with Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

As much if not more than any other single American, Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., has been instrumental in shaping attitudes in the United States with respect to the Vietnam war. His writings and lectures, his trip to Hanoi, Catonsville, his trial, conviction and subsequent hide-and-seek contest with the F.B.I. developed him into a figure of near-mythological dimensions. Last winter, Father Berrigan was paroled from Danbury Federal Prison after serving 18 months of his three-year-term for mutilating draft records in Catonsville. In the time since, Father Berrigan has picked up his peace witness, traveled to Paris and Stockholm, and crossed the United States, meeting, observing and talking to people of broad ideological persuasions. In the following conversation with the editors, Father Berrigan records his impressions of where America and the world stand.

Q. *Father Berrigan, the major part of your witness the last half the decade of the 1960's was to raise the level of consciousness of the nation, and the people, to the immorality of what was taking place in Vietnam. You returned to the world after long months in prison; has there been any change in the moral sensitiveness of America or Americans?*

A. I think that I would have to speak of two directions rather than one. And my reflections would carry me into the general area I think that the Vietnamese themselves enter when they speak of our power and our people. And the distinction I got used to in '68 in Hanoi—and they were still using it in Paris last week—has to do with the difference they discern between the current Administration and the broad range of American opinion and American moral sensitivity. It's such a hopeful distinction that one almost tries to become worthy of it. Because they continue, against all the atrocious assault on their survival, believing that Americans are decent and just and wish an end to the war. My own opinion would fall broadly into that category, too. It seems to me the Administration has been able to do two things—one of them quite evil and immoral and one of them, in spite of itself, quite moral and quite hopeful. The first has to do with the spread of corrupt language and corrupt attitudes sponsored by Mr. Nixon. The second has to do with the inevitable and very slow rise of true consciousness in opposition to him. The difference is, I would say, that people in general, from a negative point of view, are expecting *less* from life in this country, *less* from politics, *less* from religion, *less* from themselves. On the other hand, there is a broad and growing range of protest verging into resistance. And on that, one has to place his stake.

Q. *Why do you say the American people and everybody in general are expecting* less *of themselves?*

A. Well, I get just that impression which, of course, is hard to put into words. People are more resigned. There seems to be less energy available for creative work, either in the movement or in, let's say, one's family or one's church and I just note a kind of general, socialized depression of spirit which I think is very permeating. People have imperceptibly adjusted to the lesser freedom and the lesser expectation about their lives, whether in public or in their own soul.

Q. *There's something faintly optimistic, in a way, in*

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what you have to say, but there is also something terribly depressing, too. A dispirited people in a large and great nation can make what sort of contribution? Won't nationhood go by default, for instance, if you have a dispirited people?

A. Well, I think that sort of thing is dealt with on the basis of both public figures who offer some hope and public occasions, or public crises which also offer a measure of hope. I think that McGovern is extremely important, and the kind of truth and attractiveness that he can represent for all kinds of people. Secondly, I place great trust in the government's mistakes in things like the Harrisburg trial and the Buffalo trial recently completed and the Camden trial, and Angela's trial. These are points of crisis around which energies can both be created and released again.

Q. *In other words, you think the political system is still viable despite the fact that Johnson gave us Humphrey and Humphrey gave us Nixon and Nixon might give us back even Humphrey.*

A. Well, I'm ready to be very short-term and to say that the replacement of Nixon by McGovern is a first priority right now. The system is viable insofar as one decent man may still have a mandate and the integrity to stop the killing in Vietnam. This doesn't mean that I would say over a long term McGovern can slow down the juggernaut or turn it around; but I think on this issue he's been clear and I would trust him. And I don't think that one in resistance can be so overweening and pure—overpure—that he can allow the killing to go on and ignore a politician who says he'll stop it.

Q. *Would you campaign for McGovern, then? And would you urge other priests to enter the political process and spend their time campaigning?*

A. Well, I still have to work this thing out. I think Phil and I have a general agreement that we're certainly going to offer McGovern some form of public support and try to say very clearly why. At the same time I wouldn't want to allow my belief or my statement of things to stop there because I don't believe that we're suddenly going to give up resistance for electoral politics. We're in a squeeze, obviously, and the Vietnamese people are in a much more desperate and bloody squeeze than we are, and the months between now and November can spell the difference between their extermination and their survival. But, on the day after he's elected, Mr. McGovern will hear from Philip and myself and others again because there will be other issues, obviously, and he'll hear from us with a strong reminder of his promise on the Vietnam war, too. In other words, I'm not looking on McGovern as a kind of messiah who would find me his house chaplain after election. I think that as a priest I would have to remain the critic of whatever system is in power, because that system couldn't be equated with the Kingdom of God. As far as other priests are concerned, I don't want to offer any specific suggestions. It seems to me that priests ought to be conscious enough by now to know that the difference between Nixon and McGovern is truly staggering in its political comprehension of life and death. And let them say something about it.

Phil and I have a general agreement that we're going to offer McGovern some form of public support. At the same time . . . I don't believe we're going to give up resistance for electoral politics.

Q. *You said a minute ago that you're not going to give up your resistance. What does resistance mean to you now?*

A. Well, the metaphors of resistance are all drawn, obviously, from one's own experience—life experience—and they center around the preliminary anguish that precedes a new step. I feel very much as though I were in the limbo before Catonsville, again. That is to say, I can't linger around the folklore of having been in prison. That might be interesting for your memoirs if the war were over; but right now Phil and I and the others have to ask ourselves what's next. And that's a very difficult and two-edged question.

Q. *If you could do it over again, your whole witness in the peace movement, is there any particular thing you might do differently? Any emphasis you'd change?*

A. I feel fairly content about, let's say, the substance of what has occurred. I remember being asked at the time of our parole if I was sorry that I had broken the law and I said I was sorry I hadn't broken it sooner and maybe that's the best answer I can give to you. I feel, if anything, rather retarded with regard to Catonsville, you know. After all Philip was at least a year earlier in understanding things and moving into them. I also feel, to be very candid, that there was a certain unequal sharing of jeopardy that I would have reevaluated again. I feel that Phil took too much and that I should have resisted that at certain points. The question is still very open in my mind whether he should have gone to Catonsville at all after having exposed his life in the way he did in the Customs House, and whether or not he should have been allowed by the community to go underground and thereby tighten the vise on his own

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parole possibilities. Those things. But in a sense he would sweep these objections aside and say they were peripheral, but they aren't to me.

Q. *Non-violent violence. Is that a thing of the past?*

A. Well, I just don't like the term because I think it is kind of ambiguous. I would prefer to say that our part in the resistance has never had violence attached to it. We were non-violently attacking idolatrous property in order to raise what we felt was a crucial distinction between militarized possessions on the one hand and human life on the other. I don't think that the confrontation with the military and with militarized industry is by any means over. I think the question is more acute than ever. I think the phase we tried to speak to, the whole question of the draft, is probably over. But the action of Jim Douglass and the others in Hawaii a month or so ago is, I think, a very important link between the air war, the maximum point of destruction right now, and Christian conscience. And I have no doubt that one has not seen the last of these things.

Q. *When you speak as a Catholic priest out of a Catholic tradition, does your thinking on the war flow out of the just war theory or are you a pacifist? What is your stance?*

A. Well, I think that Phil and myself sort of sweated through the last vestiges of the just war discussions represented by Courtney Murray in the early '50s. Even at that time we found ourselves without a very good formulation of our own and yet with a desperate sense that his language and his thinking were already outmoded by the whole nuclear invasion of weaponry and technology. Then it took us some time, and some thought and writing, to come up with an understanding that the theory as such was no longer useful. It was a great help, I think, to us to realize that the Vatican Council was willing to go so much further into the roots of Catholic resistance and emphasize once again the radical and explicit statements of Christ with regard to violence and to put the Gospel, rather than later philosophical formulations, at the center.

Q. *But am I correct then in saying that your opposition is not simply to the Vietnam war, that you would feel the same way about the war in Korea or World War II?*

A. Well, yes. And I think that the outcome of both of those conflicts, and of any others in the modern world, has shown that it's war itself which has to be outlawed. There is simply no conceivable pro-human result which can justify the inevitable escalation of violence in any kind of conflict. With the combination of outside interference in a localized conflict and the introduction of technology, more and more, through lend-lease or through direct intervention, and then the almost inevitable intrusion of the great powers with their Phantom jets and their nuclear threats, it seems to me that, especially in America, it is necessary to take a very clear and austere line on this question of war and violence. And I would go much further in the direction of being *rigid* on these points than I would, say, if I were in the Third World.

Q. *If there were revolutionary violence in the Third World, you might be inclined to justify it?*

A. I would be inclined, first of all, to try to get a first-hand experience of it in some way or another, before I said *anything* about it. In my own mind, I hate to dislocate the question because I think that there *cannot* be anything like what we might say "Third World violence." It's always going to be heavily influenced morally and physically and actually by the first and second worlds. And so we enter into it in any case.

Q. *A certain number of people in the Catholic Worker movement at the time of World War II didn't embrace pacifism because they were afraid of the results of a Hitler victory. You would feel you would still stick to pacifism?*

A. Well, it is very hard to transplant one's whole kind of moral feeling back to the second World War. And I really can't even declare what I would have done or what I would now do in such circumstances. I hope that I would be some sort of a figure, if not of the absolute abstension from violence, at least by going to jail, of its limitation. And certainly I can think of no circumstance in which I could justify what the Allies did in Germany, from the skies, toward the end of the war, or what they did over Japan. This is where the best of intentions lead. This is what we have to be hypersensitive about.

Q. *The Third World revolutionary violence that you seem to be referring to usually starts with terrorism, with kidnapping, political assassination, bombing. What you seem to be saying is that you can conceive situations where that would be justified. You seem to say there is one rule for them and another rule for America because it is technologically advanced.*

A. How can I be asked to transplant my moral judgment into the Third World? This is extremely difficult for me. As a citizen of one of those impoverished, desperate countries, I would hope that I would be a force for mitigation of violence. I could not be forced to take up arms and kill anybody. Even in North Vietnam today, as a Vietnamese, I couldn't do that. I could think of a hundred other things to do to help sustain the survival struggle of a good people. And in that case I suppose there

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is a great need everywhere for non-violent people who can work at the very structures whose existence is being threatened, whether it's hospitals, or schools or anything else.

Q. *Could I ask you what your attitude toward the North Vietnamese government is? Do you have hopes, great hopes or what? You spent some time there, what is your general impression?*

A. Well, my impressions up there are now four years old and were renewed in Paris recently by several hours of visits with the North and I want to be very tentative because I feel that the North, indeed all of Vietnam, is in a very special struggle for survival and therefore my criticism would tend at this time to be quite muted, as, I'm sure, the criticism of North Vietnamese Catholics is quite muted. When you're under the bombs you're thinking of people in a very different way. If there were any kind of normality in the society and I were granted time to reflect and travel around, I'm sure I would have very deep and critical questions about it, obviously, as I would with Cuba. As I would, much more, with Russia. I don't have to buy a system in order to struggle for it as a human being. I think there are two very distinct questions here. Right now, fresh from these meetings with a very anguished and threatened people, whom I consider also heroic, and, in a moral sense, of extraordinary stature, I'm willing to express my admiration very publicly about them. I'm willing even to enter into and invite comparisons between them and their societal arrangements, especially with regard to medical care and education and our own. I think that in '68 when I was there and they were in the midst of the bombing, I could see that there was a more equitable distribution of national goods and services certainly than there was here. There were no beggars in the streets and no people without housing and it was quite a remarkable exhibit. Not of mere survival but of survival with a certain grace, a certain joy and real style to it.

Q. *Do you have qualms about what may happen if and when they do actually win all of Vietnam?*

A. Well, my qualms are entirely about what lies between here and now and that possibility. I'm just wondering what will be left to win or what will be left to control or to govern. It's an atrocious situation. As far as my trust in their humanity and their regard, let's say, toward their enemies or toward, let's say, the figures of the collaborators or the other regimes, no, I have no qualms at all. I would trust their promises in view of their present humane treatment of our own prisoners, for example. And be willing to say that if these airmen are receiving better food, according to their own testimony, than the other Vietnamese people right now, that's a pretty good index about the way they treat enemies.

I'm called upon to be as sensitive to the question of abortion as I am to that of war. And I try to be. But I think, on the other hand, there's a certain redress of balance here, especially in this society and this church.

Q. *Could we get into the priorities of American society, Father Berrigan? How incongruous do you find it to come out of prison into a world where the overriding issue of the moment has to do with life, but in terms of the fate of the unborn? I'm talking now about the abortion question. Do you find the emphases in this direction incongruous in terms of the kind of callousness which exists towards the born, not only in Vietnam but the Third World and even in our own ghettos?*

A. I said something that got people furious, recently, on the Cavett show when they brought up this question of abortion and war resistance. And I just told very simply about a letter that was on our bulletin board at Fordham from the Cardinal. It was what I thought really an hysterical statement on abortion but the really astounding fact was that it was issued on a letterhead from the headquarters of the Military Ordinariate. I thought that was really an amazing conjunction of blindnesses. That the fate of the unborn and the newly born should be of such moment to us as Catholics and that the fate of adults should be such a cause of contempt or unconcern.

Q. *Turn that around. I find some of the same logic useful. But, because I would be against the war, because I'd be against the bombing and the killing of mature people, I would also be against abortion. Now, do you feel the same way or do you make a distinction?*

A. Well, I don't see how one can be anything but against forms of violence upon human life at any point. The question of the absolute limitation of violence toward the unborn and the absolute limitation of violence toward the adult, it seems to me, is a very close one. I'm called upon to be as sensitive toward the question of abortion as I am toward the question of war. And I *try* to be. But I think, on the other hand, there's a certain redress of balance here, especially in this society and in this church. And that the fact of the *over*sensitivity toward the abortion issue and the *under*sensitivity toward the war question, seems to me, argues that the church is very interested in control—moral control, actual control —in a way I don't like. And since it's so much simpler to deal with infants and the unborn than it is with adults, we decide the fate of the unborn and we turn aside from

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the great question of human relationships among adults.

Q. *Are you too, from your stance as a moral critic, interested in some sense in moral control? Do you have your own dogma which you push just as strongly as the more dogmatic ecclesiastics?*

A. Well I think we are using the word "control" in different ways. I'm not interested in turning screws on people with the threat of hell-fire, excommunication or any other forms of that kind of "control." I'm interested in controlling my own life and conscience to the point where it might be helpful to others . . . the way I live.

Q. *As a related question, are you personally interested in questions of church reform, internal reform, structural reform? Do you care about things, for instance, like whether the Pope should retire at 75 or not or that the Bishops should be elected, things of this nature?*

A. I really don't. And I haven't for years. And I think probably the reason that these things move so slowly and so unwillingly toward a more humane form is that they've been isolated from the real questions of public survival, and justice and war and therefore they've assumed an altogether false prominence in the minds of certain people who think that that kind of internal reform will have some public impact.

Q. *Don't you feel that the reforms, for instance, that were made at Vatican Council II had some impact on the world?*

A. Well I think what had real impact was the figure and the style of Pope John. These other things were more or less interesting, but of course the times so quickly bypassed them and the brake was put upon them so fast that a lot of it died aborning anyway. But, in certain very palpable ways the Jesuits are treating one another differently on questions of authority because some of us have said no to the war, in ways that were at the time looked upon as a direct threat to authority, even though they were never meant as such. If I can put it practically, I could have spent the next ten years trying to argue out a more mature view of obedience and authority in the church and gotten nowhere compared with what has happened because we went to Catonsville.

Q. *What would you like to see the church become, if you had your choice?*

A. I would like very much that the church adopt the love, and the courage and the non-violence and the practical, let's says, poverty of spirit that I find in my friends in the resistance. Because I think that is what the church in a very practical sense *has* become. I mean I don't look upon our people in the resistance movement as anything apart from the church.

Q. *Would you consider escalation by the peace movement as a possible threat to the election of McGovern on account of a backlash? Would this kind of thing be a factor in your thinking?*

A. I think these are always threats, these are always questions in the air and perhaps chances to be taken and maybe the ultimate reason for taking the chances is that one has a kind of Vietnamese trust in the decency of our people. As long as actions like ours remain recognizably non-violent and as long as we can speak to people instead of merely indulging our egos, or indulging our despair, then I think that the people will respond. I believe that very deeply. Especially after the conduct of the jury at Harrisburg.

Q. *What are your priorities for social concern beyond the war? I refer to the whole problem of economic materialism, the consumer society, prison reform; how do you fit these and other things into your social feelings?*

A. I don't have any priorities beyond the war. If you asked me if the war weren't on, what would you be doing, well, I don't know, I sometimes think of that. Having been in prison I guess I would be very close to the whole prison question. But I mean I don't have the equipment to deal with anything except this consuming thing that's before me. And that's not confession of weakness particularly, it's just sort of giving you the news. I feel that out of this experience I might get some leads on what's to follow afterward but right now I can't say.

Q. *Does Harrisburg represent any historical benchmark in terms of moving from the present to the future?*

A. I think so. I learned only yesterday that the government is going ahead promptly with the Ellsberg case, which gives me a little bit of pause here because I had thought maybe one of the results of Harrisburg would be that they would see the futility of continuing with another big conspiracy trial. But, of course, one must

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never underestimate the blindness of our leaders. The main point of hope for me in Harrisburg was what I took to be the enormous moral turnabout in the jury and the intense education that they accepted into their very souls in those months, to the point where they could simply say that they didn't believe a very powerful government and its informer and its letters and its whole kind of evidenciary fraud; and I think for middle-Americans that was a very significant moment and for the rest of us as well, because after all our future and our destiny were in their hands, and that was a very new thing for us.

Q. *Do you see American values ever changing?*

A. I think that that's what we're about. Sure I see them changing because we've changed our lives and we've changed our values.

Q. *But you're a very small community.*

A. I just can't get excited about a body count. I don't think in our lifetime we're going to see a majority of Americans who will be non-exploitative and non-violent, but that's all right. The Vietnamese have had a struggle of some thousand years to come as far as they've come and they haven't come very far, and they're still at it.

Q. *Would you impeach Nixon?*

A. Oh, I haven't even thought about it. It's so absolutely improbable right now.

Q. *A resolution just went into the Congress.*

A. I know, I know. And it'll die there. I think it's probably a useful political gesture right now to raise that question, but the *real* question is how do we stop him from a military course that this action certainly will not stop. And I just hope that a lot of people don't put a lot of hopes in something I consider fruitless.

Q. *Well there's certainly a widespread feeling that* no *demonstration,* no *act is going to influence this Administration to change course at all. Do you agree with that?*

A. Again, I think that's extremely complex. The same thing could have been said in '67 and '68 about Johnson and yet things did change. And he was obliged to step down and I don't think that we should forget that even though we were deceived by a bankrupt Democratic party. But I guess my basic difficulty with the impeachment idea is it may kind of persuade people to put off serious resistance in the name of an electoral move. And I don't think that that's going to happen.

Q. *If someone walked up to you in the street and said "Dan Berrigan, I'm interested in resistance, too. I can't make the type of witness that you made at Catonsville. Tell me what I can do."*

A. Well the first thing I would do would be to refuse to tell him what he can do, because I think he has to discover that. I wouldn't stop there, though. I would invite him to some extended talk. I'd want to know about his life, and his community and what they're coming up with and how serious they are. And maybe invite him, if he wanted to, to meet ours, and talk with us. But I think it's always starting at the wrong end to say "what can we do?" when the real question is "where are our lives" and "what sense of our lives do we really have?" and "what are we willing to lose?" And those are very deep questions and I think one can only arrive at them through a long process of sharing and facing one's fears and growing with others.

Q. *Could I maybe get these personal questions in? The first one is a hard question and I've tried to think of a soft way of asking it.*

A. Make it hard, make it hard.

Q. *I'll just put it as directly as possible: there's a fair amount of feedback recently on the question of the relationship between the issues and your own image and personality. This has particularly grown since the Cavett show and it comes down to this: that you're coming across to some as an intolerant, self-righteous, dogmatic guru. How do you react to that?*

A. I try to listen to it. At the same time I think that this isn't anything new in a public critique. And you know I always like to know my critics up close. I like to know where their lives are; I like to know about their active and courageous humility as contrasted with my arrogance. I like to know what's in their survival kit. And how they're doing. And how they see resistance, and so on. So I just hope that they don't make a life vocation out of criticizing me.

Q. *Well, some of these include young people who are sympathetic to you.*

A. Sure, sure. But it's not enough to be sympathetic to me. See, that's another cop-out, I would say. I think the real point is how are they facing the issues which I've faced.

Q. *The other question is about the future of the priesthood. I get the impression that there are four categories of priesthood that are developing now. Two, which we've had before: the parish priest who sees his role mostly as care of souls, and the academic type who teaches in the university or the high school. The third is the priest participating in government—Father Drinan and Father Corrigan, (who's being pushed out of New York now), who work through the political structure; and the*

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fourth is someone like yourself who seems to be on the fringe of these other three, as part of a cultural or counter-cultural movement. Now do you see one of these as winning out in time or do you see these as parallel paths?

A. This is very difficult for me, you know. I don't want to get dogmatic; but, on the other hand, one has a few convictions about things. I think that the trouble with practically all of these forms is that they develop in a cultural vacuum, or that they have proceeded from a very superficial view of sacramental reality or the Gospel. And I think especially that a pure political solution in electoral politics is a dead-end. That has no future and that really suffocates the independence of the Gospel. And that's the one—the political priest—that I would have least patience with, as having least connection with a real tradition. You see I can't conceive of any possible Utopia to which I would give the allegiance that I want to give to the Gospel. And I think that's exactly what electoral politics demands of a man. In substance. That's the kind of acceptance that he has to give to this American system. And I wouldn't give it to the American or the Russian or the Cuban or the Vietnamese, or any other.

Q. *But we're not talking about a whole body of priests being political figures. Isn't there room in the political system for certain individual priests, and not necessarily Robert Drinan, although he's a good example.*

A. The room—who makes the room? And who decides whether there's room? Is this made in the light of the American electoral system and history which can welcome almost anything except Marxists and I don't know what?

Q. *Are you saying that he can't take part in the system without being corrupted?*

A. No, I was trying to frame my discussion around the idea of whether or not electoral politics for a priest is a valid life in view of the Gospel. Now, if you were asking is there room in the Gospel for this kind of thing, I would say no. I would say it's just not there.

Q. *Where is that in the Gospel?*

A. Where is it? Well, it's not a question of a text or a proof; it's a question of your existence, I would think. And the ministry, as this tradition has developed it. And of one's ability to be a radical critical figure of political systems in the name of the Kingdom, whose advent is a matter of God's intervention rather than of electoral compromise. I question everything. I question the oath of office, I question the compromises necessary to campaign, and I question the fact that these priests are never found at our side once they're elected and I consider it very important to be at our side, for other priests. I think it's more important for them than for us.

Q. *Then you think that these priests are more liable to be corrupted or coopted than the parish priest and the priest in the university and the priest in the movement?*

A. Sure.

Q. *But Father Berrigan, if the electoral system, the political system, is going to compromise the priest, isn't it going to compromise the lay person—not necessarily in exactly the same way, but in enough ways to eviscerate the system itself?*

A. Well, I could argue very negatively from history and say that's what happened, but I don't want to make a principle of it. But I do for the priest. I do. Because I think his ministry, his ordination, is in another direction and that he cannot announce the Gospel in the freedom required of the Gospel, required by the spirit of the Gospel, within this framework, within this oath of office. Because he has already set his priority by putting his hand on that bible and the priorities are not the Gospel he's ordained under.

Q. *Returning to the future simply in personal terms. How do you see your own future? How do you see your role during these months ahead?*

A. Well, I don't see very many months ahead. I'm trying to live from day to day with the anguish of what's happening to people in the war and I'm trying to be very practical about it in discussions with friends and with my brother, my family. I guess I'm trying to say that job offers are one thing and I'm always interested in forms of teaching but I couldn't undertake any kind of professional engagement right now that would cut down what I feel to be the most acute question of my life or of anybody's life, which is to say the war. So, as I said earlier, I feel kind of pre-Catonsville all over again, as though we were all back to '67 and I'm trying to work through that.

Q. *What is the future for Phil?*

A. Well, we certainly are discussing very seriously his parole right now. And I think that they're going to do as serious a job—the lawyers and certain political figures—to raise this question of parole as they did in my case. I think everybody who knows him feels outraged that his so-called punishment has gone so far and so long, and that the government's going to have a harder time, now that Harrisburg is pretty well disposed of, in continuing his incarceration. So, we'll see.

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FROM COUNTER-CULTURE TO ANTI-CULTURE

DONALD P. COSTELLO

Three films have themselves become cultural events

Three films circumscribe the counter-culture of the last decade. These three films have as their subject the counter-culture, and they themselves became cultural events. *Woodstock, Easy Rider,* and *A Clockwork Orange*: they define, warn, and predict.

Woodstock (the event) and *Woodstock* (the film, which became the event for millions of the young) defined the counter-culture of the '60s. Of course, that definition did not *begin* the phenomenon of a youth culture that runs counter. Nor was *Woodstock* the first description of it. Anthony Burgess wrote his counter-culture novel *A Clockwork Orange* over ten years ago, and he has told us in a June 8, 1972, *Rolling Stone* article that he planned the book nearly 30 years ago. The droogs in that novel were some version of Teddy Boys or greasers or hipsters projected into an apocalyptic future: "The work merely describes certain tendencies I observed in Anglo-American society in 1961 (and even earlier)." Some of those tendencies, and several others, were exposed by the counter-culture itself in *Easy Rider*, just before *Woodstock*. But *Woodstock* purified and refined it—and successfully made the counter-culture self-conscious, mythologized it. And thus defined it.

The young of the '60s had contended that their culture was based not on exploitation but on love, not on violence but on peace, not on restraints but on freedom. *Woodstock* showed them that that was true. Their culture was communicated from one to the other not by mind and words but by sights and sounds. Sensations, feelings, intuitions, spontaneity reigned. To receive the message of the culture, then, required not sharpening the reason but expanding the consciousness.

Woodstock is perhaps the most verbally inarticulate film ever made. We hear conversations and interviews, but they are grunts, mumbles, you-knows, and exclamations. Words are indirect; the culture of the film seeks a more direct means of communication. The young of *Woodstock* communicate by their music and, in the skinny-dipping scene that won the film its "R," by their free and glistening bodies, ringed lightly with laughter, while the sound track contrasts the snipped and turgid voices of the townspeople, their words heavy with suspicion. The charming interview with the porto-san man stands out in our memory precisely because this humble old servant and admirer of the counter-culture reveals himself through his medium and ours, words.

But the point of the film, the fact of it, is both the fact it records and the fact it recreated in thousands of movie theaters for those too young, too poor, too far away, too busy to have been an original citizen of the Woodstock Nation. Michael Wadleigh knew what he was about. His was not a film for observers but participants. The motion picture is the art form of the young precisely because it can do what *Woodstock* did: exploiting sights and sounds to a hyper-realism, it can create myth. The place Woodstock could not have been as visually and sonically perfect—loud, clear, selective, now ordered, now chaotic—as was this film which brought us into communal participation. No one could not hear it, God knows. No one could not see it, from arrival through clean-up. Accidents are made part of a pattern, are made inevitable: we prepare for the rain, we are uncertain and fearful as the rain begins, we exult in the joy of the mud in the rain's aftermath. Sights and sounds become one, reenforcing and building. The voices of Crosby, Stills and Nash, their instruments, their harmonies, blend on the sound track just as their images blend, harmonized, counter-pointed, on the screen. Wadleigh underlines the frenetic quality of the sounds of Ten Years After with those seemingly uncontrolled images which snap from positive to negative, which spin into reverse images. If we had no drugs to give us extra eyes, to turn on and to sharpen the lights, the film gave them to us, especially by expanding the visual surfaces through multiplying the image and through dynamically varying the sizes and shapes of framed and unframed pictures. It was an initiation rite of sights and sounds, expanding both the consciousness and the self-consciousness of the young, uniting them in spite of real time and space distances into a community of illusion, into a culture aware of itself, aware of its superiority, aware that it is counter, a Nation apart.

Easy Rider had been made just a bit earlier by members of the counter-culture for other members of the counter-culture, and it was a warning. The critics misunderstood the film because they saw only its self-consciousness and thought it was also self-pitying. The cultists deep into the counter-culture misunderstood it because they would not accept its warning that the

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values of the counter-culture were becoming indistinguishable from the values of the mainstream.

Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper show the new American Myth repeating the failures of the old American Myth. The new American pioneer, searching for freedom, rides not a stagecoach but a motorcycle, travels not West but East. Other travellers on the same road are not on horses or mules, but on jets and in Rolls Royces. But distances are covered: state lines are crossed, bridges—from here to there—flash by, the road goes on. The ability to move seems a refutation of static lives. The dream of freedom in this film is clearly an *American* dream. It is dreamed by a classic pair of comrade heroes, wearing a beautiful cloak of cool, weighted down by red, white, and blue, by stars and by stripes, and by names-titles-labels: "Captain America," who is also "Wyatt" (Earp), accompanied by "Billy" (the Kid). But the quest is not now—was it ever?—ideal; it is mercantile: The American Dream—both old and new—has become simply middle class. The new heroes are exploiters, buyers and sellers, who stuff the American flag with money and who are heading for rich retirement in Florida. *En route* they are haunted by the American past, which echoes only death: they continually pass graveyards; they sit and expand their own current consciousness on an old mound of Indian bones: a final stop in their trip is a bad trip in a graveyard just outside a slave-market.

Can the new American be free of the death-ridden mercantile-based old America? Captain America has two chances to choose freedom: First, at the ranch where the naturalness of the horse is clearly contrasted with the ugliness of the motorcycle wheel, and where the simple satisfactions of domestic and diverse and fertile beauty allow the rancher, in Captain America's words, to "do your own thing in your own time." Second, at the commune where *Woodstock* values struggle for permanence, where Captain America sees a non-mercantile religious peace and unity, where the body is free and beautiful, not sold or violated, and where he can predict, "They're going to make it."

But Captain America and Billy do not choose the peace-freedom-love values of either the old-style rancher or the new-style commune. Billy speaks the words of their choice. "You go for the big money, man—and then you're free." George rides along with Captain America and Billy because he thinks that they represent freedom. George is aware that "we're all in the same cage," and he thinks that the movement of these new pioneers represents an escape. But Captain America and Billy carry George only to his violent death. Captain America and Billy learn nothing from George's death on the road to Mardi Gras. They travel on, across America.

They choose the mainstream American values: they take their money on to New Orleans at the time of Mardi Gras, the celebration that moves inexorably into the season of death, to the site of the old slave-market and whorehouse where the flash-forward predicts Captain America's death in flames. In the self-discovery scene, Captain America's words "We blew it" are clear in meaning; and they are a warning for a counter-culture that can't really be counter if it accepts the values of the dominant culture into which it enslaves itself.

The dialogue says that the dominant culture is afraid of Wyatt and Billy because they are free. Money-slaves always hate those who are free. But *Easy Rider* questions whether the new Americans are free. Are they blowing their freedom, are they, after all, not the stuff of counter-revolution, but merely a sold-out generation? An easy rider is a pimp who lives off a whore-slave: Is the new generation made up of pimps who live off dope-slaves, whose ride is easy, without commitment, whose enslavement to easy money and instant pleasure means that when real values—of the past or the present—are there to be chosen, the only reply can be "We blew it"?

Ashes of the Future

Stanley Kubrick takes the values of *Woodstock*, the prophetic warning of *Easy Rider,* and reduces them to the ashes of the future. If *Easy Rider* was prophetic, *A Clockwork Orange* may be apocalyptic. And it has become no less a cultural event than those other films, obviously striking sensitive chords in the movie public which is a young public. The representatives of the counter-culture are now the droogs who do not hold to the values defined in *Woodstock,* but to their reverse; they do not have the ability to choose the old-style values or the new-style values that the characters in *Easy Rider* consciously passed by. They are conditioned to other values, or to none at all. Value choice no longer exists. The impossibility of choice becomes the theme of the film. The droogs are not shown as choosing creatures, but seem conditioned by their society—apathetic, private, drug-laden—into behavior of violence, sex, and hatred, into anti-culture. But the alternative, the Ludovico Technique of reconditioning, espoused by the law-and-order party, is equally anti-cultural because it, even more directly, eliminates human choice. "When a man cannot choose, he ceases to be a man," contends the Chaplain.

In the future society of extremes which Kubrick posits, man does not exist within recognizable human values. Peace has become totally replaced by violence. Freedom exists for no-one, the victims or the victimizers. Love has been totally replaced by sex; a body is not any longer free or revered, but the subject of obscene grafitti and the object only of violence, a sickness to be cured. Kubrick caricatures, exaggerates, mocks, makes varyingly mad, all of his characters and events. Critics have complained that the victims are as unpleasant as

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the victimizers. Precisely. In this brilliant *reductio ad absurdum*, everything is indeed reduced and everything indeed becomes absurd. Even the style of the film is mocking: terrible humor undercuts the terrible violence. The artist's stance toward his material is ice cold, uninvolved, primitive, dehumanized. All is juxtaposition, seemingly unguided; and we are left to sort out our own emotions and reactions as best we can. The violence and sex are exaggerated into stylized non-realism: flying exits through the window two at a time in a better-than-any-Western style; slow motion gore; fast action sexual romps; a pop art explosion at the moment of the murder. In such an extreme world of the non-choosing and non-human, no culture—mainstream or counter—can exist.

Clearly no communal culture, no passing on of values, remains in the future world of *A Clockwork Orange*. The rococo concert hall—now called "The Derelict Casino"—is deserted, decaying dusty; it is no longer the site for the Rossini playing on the sound track but for the gang-bang being performed on the stage. Sometime after *Easy Rider*, the last picture show closed, not only in dim Texas towns, but throughout the modern world. Everyone has become, in the words of *A Clockwork Orange*, "a victim of the modern age." Culture has retreated. People have locked their doors against other people: "I never open the door to strangers after dark." They sit in chairs that look like wombs and eggs. Culture is anti-culture because it has become private.

Communication is gone. "Oh brothers" is a verbal tag in a world totally devoid of brotherhood. The fascinating Nadsat of Anthony Burgess, which in the medium of the novel rendered great respect to language because it allowed the reader the leisure to figure out and to savor the Russianisms, the coined words, the puns, the word-games, becomes in the quicker and non-reversible medium of the motion picture the primary symbol for the non-communication of non-culture. In case we *might* be able to figure out the meanings of the words, or remember them from the book, Kubrick has them spoken in a Cockney that begs for sub-titles, has them shouted, screeched, mumbled, in huge echoing rooms, under blaring music. The Minister of the Interior gives us a key: "But enough of words. Actions speak louder than. Action now. Observe all." The counter-culture's cry for the non-verbal has been heeded.

Verbal communication has so disintegrated in *A Clockwork Orange* that non-communal music—private, on discs, cassettes, tapes—is the only art that remains; and it is stripped of human resonance—any type of music fitting any mood: Elgar in a prison corridor, "Singin' in the Rain" during rape and beating, Beethoven during the cutting of friends.

Despite the predictions in *Woodstock*, the departure of the articulate has not been accompanied by an arrival of the spontaneously good. The droogs don't effectively

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communicate even with one another, except by slashes and blows. Expanded consciousness has not resulted in humanly value-laden sights and sensations. On the contrary. In Kubrick's film the colors are primary, unsubtle. The landscape is vandalized, garbage-ridden. The taste in artifacts is totally pop and crude and vulgar: phallic lollipops; nude white plastic women bent into tables; huge plastic nipples as milk dispensers; a bloated phallic sculpture, now a dirty joke, now a work of art, now a murder weapon.

Words, music, artifacts are all disconnected from the human, from the value-carrying. And so, of course, has mind departed. The irrational tendency of the counter-culture defined so clearly in *Woodstock* has triumphed in *A Clockwork Orange*. Alex the narrator tells us, "I was thinking all the time . . . thinking was for the gloopy ones," and so he gives up thinking and at that moment attacks his friends, his "brothers."

In spite of its futuristic settings, does *A Clockwork Orange* really deal with the future? Or has the future become the present? Burgess, writing in *Rolling Stone*, has his opinion: "The age of violence and scientific conditioning it depicts are already here." Another counter-culture story, running alongside ours, would seem to agree with Burgess: the "festival" films—from *Monterey Pop* to *Woodstock* to *Gimme Shelter*—clearly tell a story of apocalypse, with the death at Altamont somehow eerily present in the happy days of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin at Monterey. But that is a different story, even though the ending may be the same. The story of *Woodstock, Easy Rider,* and *A Clockwork Orange*—the three best films of the counter-culture—is a story that deals with values of the past, of the present, and of the future, a story that takes us from documentary, to fiction, to . . . is it, let us hope, fantasy? Or is it not?

BOOKS

EDMUND WILSON AND LITERATURE

MARK TAYLOR

AFTER GRADUATING from Princeton, where he had specialized in literature, Edmund Wilson spent a summer at Columbia studying sociology and labor. When he then expressed an interest in going to Washington "to try my hand at political journalism," his practical father objected that he was diffusing his energies among too many areas. Young Wilson replied, "Father, what I want to do is to try to get to know something about all the main departments of human thought." This ambition remained his for a lifetime, and in it he succeeded to a degree that makes nearly all other contemporary intellectuals seem parochial.

The Wilson *oeuvre,* still far from complete (another half dozen books, at least, are forthcoming) is astonishingly comprehensive. Apart from plays, poems, stories, one novel and numerous occasional pieces, Wilson wrote (patiently, in longhand: he despised the typewriter, which has done "more than anything else to deteriorate English prose") books and essays on the income tax, life in the Depression, the Dead Sea Scrolls, and revolutionary politics; on Europe, Canada, Haiti and New York State; on the American Indian, the Jews, religion and sex; and most of all, books and reviews and essays on books. It is largely for these last, probably, the studies of literature, that

Wilson earned such encomia as our "foremost man of letters," and for them that he has been most influential and will be longest remembered.

Wilson was explicit both about the values of literature and about his own designs on it. He wrote, in *The Shores of Light,* of gaining from his Princeton mentor Christian Gauss "the vision of language and literature as something representing the continuous and never-ending flow of man's struggle to think the thoughts which, when put into action, constitute in the aggregate the advance of civilization." In *The Triple Thinkers* he told us that "my purpose [in discussing literature] has always been to try to contribute something new: I have aimed either to present some writer who was not well enough known or, in the case of a familiar writer, to call attention to some neglected aspect of his work or career." And in *The Bit Between My Teeth* he wrote that, as a critic, "My function . . . has been to make an effort to concentrate synoptically, as they say of the Gospels, to bring into one system, the literatures of several cultures which have not always been in close communication, which in some cases have hardly been aware of one another."

In executing this function Wilson was always able to move among languages, literatures and disciplines with an authority that is rare enough for anyone these days, and nearly unheard of for an American. He learned Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German

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early in life; Russian, when he was in his forties; Hebrew, when he was nearly sixty; and Hungarian, when he was past sixty. In college he concentrated on Dante and Flaubert, and even before that he had fallen under the spell of Hippolyte-Adolphe Taine's *History of English Literature;* consequently, his remarks on English and American novels and poems arose from an uncommonly catholic sensibility. Furthermore, his evaluations of literature were sharpened by his wide reading in such other disciplines as history, politics and psychology.

He wrote, I believe, three first-rate works of literary criticism and one of an order still higher. In *The Wound and the Bow* and *The Triple Thinkers,* collections of long essays that had appeared separately in magazines, Wilson discusses—always thoughtfully and sometimes dazzlingly—writers as diverse as Hemingway, Casanova and Housman. A third book, *Patriotic Gore* (a study of the literature of the American Civil War) was initially planned as a single volume and is an exemplary literary history. It is with a fourth book alone, however, *Axel's Castle,* his study of the French Symbolist poets and their influence on Yeats, Joyce and Eliot, that Wilson can be said to have made a seminal contribution to the study of literature. As much as later critics may have extended and refined Wilson's ideas in *Axel's Castle,* it is that rare work that can never really be dated or superseded. Despite its narrower chronological scope, it belongs on the shelf near Erich Auerbach's *Mimesis.*

Edmund Wilson did so much so well that it may be ungracious or perverse to wish for more. But looking over his books the last few days, I noticed how seldom he took on the real giants of literature, other than those of this century. There are exceptions to his neglect of these figures: he wrote brilliantly on Sophocles' *Philoctetes* and on Dickens; he helped to give Pushkin to the English-speaking world; and he discussed Ben Jonson, though badly, I think. That is nearly all. Intelligent and germane references to Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe pervade his judgment of infinitely lesser writers, but there is no substantial comment on these men. There is, in *Classics and Commercials,* a review of J. Dover Wilson's book on Falstaff, in which Edmund Wilson makes a few brief and unconvincing remarks on the nature of Shakespeare's art. There is even less on Homer, Vergil, Milton, Dostoevski, Tolstoi.

C. S. Lewis once observed that no poet is under contract to write every poem that we think suitable for him, and the same independence surely must be allowed to literary critics. The proposition, moreover, that a critic of great talents *should,* for some abstract reason, focus on older rather than newer writers is quite unsupportable. But at the same time one naturally wonders what is down the road not taken. Edmund Wilson had those gifts of erudition, critical acumen and linguistic ease, together with a blessed distance from jejune academic quarrels, that, on the evidence of *Axel's Castle,* just might have allowed him full membership in the tiny community of great modern philologists—along with Auerbach, E. R. Curtius, Leo Spitzer, a few more Europeans, and perhaps a single American, Kenneth Burke.

The Boys of Summer

ROGER KAHN

Harper & Row, $8.95

MURRAY POLNER

The present, wrote Robert Frost,
Is too much for the senses,
Too crowded, too confusing
Too present to imagine . . .

Lines that Roger Kahn cites almost plaintively in this book. Growing up only two subway stops from Ebbets Field, child of high school teachers—one a passionate littérateur and the other his father—a fanatical Brooklyn Dodger fan, working for the *Herald-Tribune* and, wonder of wonders, assigned to cover the Dodgers, Kahn recaptures those phantoms with grace and poignancy.

"I covered a team that no longer exists in a demolished ball park for a newspaper that is dead," he writes. But he does in the end do more than merely recapitulate. Unable to return, he goes instead in search of the ex-Dodgers, trying "to consider them not only as old athletes but as fathers and as men, dead as ballplayers to be sure, but still battling . . . time."

Judged on its own nostalgic terms, *The Boys of Summer* is a glorious recollection, recalling for us the spurious perfection of Brooklyn in the 1940s and early 1950s, its Brooklyn *Eagle,* which screamed joyously in a six-column spread in 1941, "WE WIN!" after the team won its first pennant in twenty-one years. Brown v. Topeka was far away in some state that couldn't even field a major league team; Joe McCarthy's extravaganzas had little impact on our schoolboy parochialism. What had it all to do with the collective fellowship we belonged to, with identifying with the "national game?" I suppose our instinct for survival encouraged those voyeuristic fantasies; but, at the same time, love of baseball, really the Dodg-

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ers, mattered very much.

I remember my friend Chick who, while his mother wept in terror after he had received his induction notice in 1951, was too frantic about the Giants catching up to worry about himself. Chick died in Korea and the Dodgers lost the pennant that year and the year after. I know how upset he would have been.

Does anyone understand? Van Lingle Mungo, flawless and certain as a right-handed fastballer, was my personal hero. When the *Mirror* reported that he had been chased nude through a Havana hotel with his lady of the moment, her husband in pursuit, my friends and I bristled at such irresponsibility: how dare some Cuban upset our Opening Day pitcher? Durocher was suspended for associating with hoods at the race track. We shook and we cursed. Who would manage *us*? When Dixie Walker, Alabama-born and the "People's Cherce" in Brooklyn, threatened to lead a player strike against the admission of blacks into baseball, he nonetheless remained popular —as did the newly-admitted black athletes. Tortuous dialectics and factionalism did not get you into the World Series. Adulated, celebrated, venerated, the players as men were the only impeccable people I had ever known.

In *Bang The Drum Slowly,* Mark Harris' moving novel about the lingering death of a third-string catcher, one is touched by the respect accorded him by the team's star pitcher. So it was too when Carl Erskine was the first Dodger to visit Roy Campanella after the automobile accident. "I get to his room (says Erskine). . . . I open the door and there's a shrunken body strapped to a frame. I stand a long time staring. He looks back. He doesn't just see me. He sees the team. He starts to cry. I cry myself. He cries for ten minutes, but he's the one who recovers first. 'Ersk,,' Campy says, 'you're player representative. Get better major medical for the boys. . . . I say, 'Sure, Campy.' 'Ersk,' he says, 'you know what I'm going to do tomorrow? . . . I'm going to lift five pounds.' "

Tragedy has overtaken several ex-Dodgers. Robinson emerges in the book with no less pride than he had as a player, but now without his son—a Vietnam veteran who was killed in a Connecticut auto accident. When Clem Labine would return to his home following the baseball season, he found that his son and he had grown apart; and, when he was old enough, Jay Labine joined the Marines without parental permission. Labine, the faultless reliefer, walking in coolly from the right-field bullpen, sizing up the dangerous situation on the bases and then, with savvy and smartness, got the batter to ground into a double play. That was *my* Labine. Now Kahn's Labine sits in the office of a Rhode Island designing company, pained, filled with self-regret, because Jay lost his leg in Vietnam.

"If I hadn't been a ballplayer, I wouldn't have been away all the time. But the travelling cost me all of it, Jay growing up!" he tells Kahn. "If I hadn't been a ballplayer, I could have developed a real relationship with my son. The years, the headlines, the victories, they're not worth what they cost us. Jay's leg." He has, he says, been transformed. No longer a hawk, but a superdove, no more a Catholic, but an atheist. "Since this thing happened to Jay."

Preacher Roe lives in semi-rural Missouri, tending a general store, worried about the impending invasion of a shopping center and supermarket, and lamenting about the young men, "Steada workin' on pitching, drive over to Memphis, and spend time listening to rock music."

George ("Shotgun") Shuba, the Slav with the perfect swing, is now home in Youngstown, Ohio, working in the post office because it is "steady and safe." He is intensely religious and skeptical about the years he spent in the game. "One day against the Cubs, Hank Sauer was on first and Ralph Kiner was on third and neither one could run. I hollered 'Look out for the double steal.' But what does it mean? Ruth died. Gehrig died."

Billy Cox is now a bartender living among bigots in a dying town along the Juniata River in Western Pennsylvania. "Billy Alone," Kahn calls him, "who was not very good at talking or dealing with other people, not brilliant at anything truly but picking up ground balls, alone now in a prison of intolerance."

Others carry grudges. Carl Furillo ("this man is armed," a *Times* writer wrote in admiration of his throwing arm) complains sorely about his alleged blacklisting for having had the temerity to sue the *Los Angeles Dodgers* for back pay following an injury. He won in court but never again could get any kind of baseball job, not as a pinch hitter, coach, or even groundskeeper. Now at work on elevator doors in Manhattan's World Trade Center, he is to Kahn a blend of Buckley and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a "hard hat who talks like a baseball Bolshevik."

The bitterness is not limited to the players. Buzzy Bavasi, once second in command to Dodger president Walter O'Malley, now boss of the San Diego Padres, still resents O'Malley, both for underpaying him and for firing his son from an executive position in the Dodger farm system. And O'Malley—worth now, at his own estimate, $24 million, excluding a gift of "three hundred acres of downtown Los Angeles," sneers at Branch Rickey, the man who began the Dodger dynasty and who brought black men into the game. Signing Robinson, says O'Malley, was simply a result of Rickey's "fiscal interest."

"We were not overall real close," says Peewee Reese. "And now the guys and I—what is it, ten years, fifteen?—we almost never see each other anymore."

So we all grow up sooner or later, and our fancies are punctured. For baseball, many have commented, is Jeffersonian, a rural game born of a gentler age, far from the venality of cities. Even that is a myth, for the cities have turned out plenty of athletes. But *The Boys of Summer* came from more pastoral settings—from Viola, Anderson, Woonsocket, Plainfield and Reading. Unlike professional football, with its chorus of super-patriotism and practiced violence, baseball

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remains what it has always been—a refuge and a pacifier, a glorification of "a past," wrote someone, "which may have never been ours, but which we believe was, and certainly that is enough."

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The publisher's statement printed on the back cover of each of these volumes merits attention. "There are many books which tell you what Catholics *used* (italics in the original) to believe, but this new series of quality softcovers is specifically designed to articulate truly contemporary Catholic thought. Written by eminent thinkers and writers, these books do not claim to be the official voice of the Catholic Church. But they do aim at exploring the options opened up by modern research and theological thinking for Catholics who are more interested in getting on with the vital business of living their faith in the modern world than in engaging in stifling intra-institutional squabbling."

A closer look at this statement of the publishers may be reserved to the end of this review. For the moment let us say that the position taken by those who designed this series seems to be that there is so much confusion in official church quarters and among theologians as to what authentically constitutes Catholic belief, that it is better not to bother about them. They are unreliable guides. Better to ignore them in order to get down to the vital business of living the faith. One might ask: how is a man or woman to live the faith, if he or she is not sure what it is? Apparently it all boils down to this, that each one make up his own mind what he is going to take from the various options offered by this or that author, and live according to this light. A modern Catholic, not included in this series nor recommended, it would seem, has spoken and written at length on what he believes about the church, marriage, and so on—the Pope. But for the moment at least he does not enjoy great repute in some circles. For Sister McGrath he is the epitome of male chauvinism.

The four volumes included in this series are not as far out or revolutionary as one might be led to expect from the publisher's statement. Further, although at first glance their subject matter seems to be very disparate, actually they complement one another, raise similar questions arising from the contemporary scene, and point in the same general direction for solution. None of the authors is a professional theologian. This is not a disadvantage. On the contrary—as long as he does not forget this and turn out to be a crypto-theologian. At the start of his book Andrew Greeley is at pains to make it clear that he writes as a social scientist, an empiricist, and not as a theologian. This, he promises, "will be an empirical book about the church." Sure enough, it is empirical for the first two chapters. And then? In those first two chapters true to his empirical stance he tries to get at what the church is from his own experience in the two parish churches which most influenced his life. These were the church for him. And rather than pause over the (theological?) question whether these were "authentic, prophetic" communities, he prefers to describe the church or religious community as a group of people who share the fundamental values about the most important things in their lives and gather together around this value system both to reinforce it by their unity, and to share their lives with others whom they perceive to be, because of common values, "their kind of people." Perhaps this is definite enough for the empiricist. Is it for the theologian?

For Greeley the church is the answer to the desire to share in the same fundamental values about the most important things in life. Eugene Kennedy comes close to saying the same thing about marriage. For him, whether we are talking about marriage in the feudal ages or marriage today, it expresses essentially "the desire for intimacy, the deeply rooted human impulse toward drawing honestly and easily close to other persons." This might be a little too personalistic and idealistic for the anthropologist, but in general it has validity. But its very questionableness points up the paradox of both marriage and the church today. On the one hand the factuality of marriage and the church is a scandal to the ideals of these two very human institutions; on the other hand the restlessness and instability which characterize our day are threats to these two institutions. And again, our ideas about the church as well as our ideas about the institution of marriage must change, must find greater place for human dignity and human freedom, with structures to enhance rather than stifle.

Obviously this line of thought has a very definite place for the argument pursued by Sister Albertus Magnus McGrath in her volume on Women. Whether we speak of the purpose of the institution of the church or of the purpose of the institution of marriage, it is fundamental that woman find and exercise her proper place in these social relationships, fully equal and in no sense inferior to man. Both church and marriage suffer where this is not recognized. It is, perhaps, one of

From CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CULTURAL BONDAGE, by M. B. Martin, S.J.: " 'A Stupid Man . . . built his house on sand.' The stupid man of Western culture has not been able to disentangle his religious beliefs from the fictitious world of ages gone by. He has built his house on the sands of ancient cultures which are being blown and washed away by modern knowledge. The house of his religious convictions seems to be falling and the Christianity of the Western cultural tradition is in deep trouble. But it is not the house that Christ built." (B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63103)

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the great contributions of the modern social sciences and depth psychology to further the appreciation of what woman is, whereas the church in its teaching and its practice seems to suffer from a mental block.

Robert. Nowell's discussion of Death has much to say by inference and by explicit affirmation about church, marriage and woman. He takes as the cardinal principle of his thinking that death is an encounter with God. Death, then, is an action, not just a passive happening. True, considered in itself, death is the most desolate that a man can enter into. He is very much alone: confronting God, and confronting himself. Self-deceit is no longer possible. Yet a man's past and future converge at the point of death. A man dies as he has lived. Hence the past has immense importance for him as he faces his God. Death thought of in this way as the culmination of life on earth is an unequivocal reminder to live this life to the fullest. For this, Nowell observes, freedom is essential as is justice. Now, my freedom is inseparable from the freedom of mankind. If someone else is suffering oppression this is a diminution of my freedom just as much as it is of his since I lack the contribution he can make to the community as a whole and thus the enrichment of my freedom. For this reason black power movements can rightly claim that they are working for the liberation of the whites as well as of the blacks and the women's liberation movement can be seen as trying to set men as well as women free from the tyranny of stereotyped social and cultural roles based purely on sexual differences.

These four volumes, then, are of a piece. They are well written and for those who have not done much reading in these areas well worth reading. No malice is intended here, but one must face facts. After the first two chapters Greeley's originality ends, and the rest is a patchwork of quotations largely from Küng's *The Church*. Kennedy as always has something to say, and writes with moving style. But he has said it all before. Sister McGrath writes in anger about how chauvinist men have abused women through the ages. She has nothing to say about what women should be in a positive way. Nowell's book is the best of the lot. He pulls together in a coherent fashion what can be found only in diverse theological monographs.

To return to the publisher's statement:

. . . "what Catholics *used* to believe" implies that they do so no longer;

. . . "used to *believe*"—in what sense is "belief" taken here. Coupled with the book titles, "What *a* Modern Catholic Believes . . ." it seems to suggest the meaning of opinion, a personal opinion.

. . . "to articulate truly contemporary Catholic thought"—Now it becomes something more than a personal opinion; not only catholic, but Catholic. "*A* Modern Catholic" speaks for many. More, he speaks for the church.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 371)

panied by a growth in one's humanity and a deepening social consciousness.

I should like to make several suggestions which might help the growth of our movement: 1) The Service Committee should be reconstituted to be representative of the international face of Pentecostalism; 2) that a medium for expression of dissent be established, e.g. through an open business meeting at the two yearly conferences, a correspondence column in the *New Covenant*, etc. 3) that those who have spoken at previous conferences should withdraw in favor of other people; 4) that a study of the fruits of the Spirit in the light of contemporary theology, psychology and sociology be made; 5) that women (not the wives of present leaders) should constitute one third of the Service Committee and of the Advisory Committee in order to lessen the "military" nature of the leadership; 6) that the whole process of "exclusion" be thoroughly revised with the help of non-Pentecostal persons competent in pastoral theology and canon law and the statement in the July, (1971) issue of the *New Covenant* be emended; 7) that a non-Pentecostal Christian consultative body be formed to consider points of doctrine, questionable decisions by leaders and cases of dissent and to give a critique of the most popular literature.

Personally I should be very grateful if Fr. Kilian could tell us where to find the "safeguards against unwise pastoral approaches" to which he refers. Most of us have searched in vain and have been obliged to find "spiritual depth and pastoral skill" in our non-Pentecostal friends or Pentecostals not within the leadership. I love the movement deeply and I believe that it has great potential for the Church but I am highly exercised about the lack of trust in Her Majesty the Holy Spirit and the huge dependence upon non-rotating human leadership. I accept

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Jesus as Lord but I accept Him also as Lord of Compassion and genuine human love. He (Praise the Lord!) came not to call the righteous but sinners and He stated specifically in John 6:37

> He who comes to me I will in no way "exclude" (*ekballo exo*) contrast Jn. 9:34 (also *ekballo . . . exo*)

By virtue of these words of Jesus might I appeal to all the goodness in the present Service Committee and ask them to present to all those who have been excluded the kiss of peace at the public Eucharist to be celebrated at the June (1972) conference? This, indeed, would be a proclamation that Jesus is Lord.

J. MASSINGBERD FORD
Associate Professor,
Sacred Scripture
University of Notre Dame

Reply

Collegeville, Minn.

To the Editors: On two occasions Miss Ford's manuscripts have been submitted to me by publishers for evaluation. In both instances I recommended that they be published. But I feel under no obligation to quote her. She is one among many authors. A look at my article will show that I gathered my information not only from Ann Arbor and Notre Dame but also from St. Louis, New Orleans, Tulsa, Geneva (Illinois), Trappist (Kentucky), Schloss-Craheim (Germany), Paris (France), Rome. And I am from Minnesota. In no way do I identify the movement with Ann Arbor and Notre Dame. Dr. Ford is in agreement with the communities at Ann Arbor and Notre Dame and myself that more national models are needed, and that no one or two communities should dominate. The national advisory committee has about 35 members from every sector of the country. I agree with Miss Ford that more women should be on the service committee, but I sincerely doubt that their presence will diminish what she calls its military character. Women, the liberation movement tells us, are not distinguished from men by such psychological traits. Dr. Ford has some suggestions of substance which should be given serious consideration, but her own personal problems are not national issues. The movement is the poorer because she is not involved to the measure of her talents. There are not that many exegetes interested. It is sad.

(REV.) KILIAN MCDONNELL, OSB
Institute for Ecumenical and
Cultural Research

Inside the Movement

Bemidji, Minnesota

To the Editors: It is a great step in the right direction for you to have printed the article "Catholic Charismatics" by Kilian McDonnell [May 5].

Father McDonnell identifies himself as an outsider, but he presents a very open and balanced view of this recent phenomenon in the Catholic Church of the U.S.

I especially appreciate his acceptance of the insight that "the post-Vatican renewal did assume that the basic message had been heard and appropriated and the only thing left was to work from that base to liturgical reform, restructuring of ecclesiastical institutions, social involvement and political awareness."

What the Holy Spirit seems to be pointing out to many of us today is that such an assumption was unwarranted. Many of us had not authentically said yes to God and had become very busy in God's workshop while not making an honest commitment to follow his will.

There is no need to blame anyone for this state of affairs, but there is a need to realize what has happened and to challenge us renewal-minded Catholics to work from a solid foundation. That foundation is Christ himself and his revelation of God as a loving Father always willing to forgive and always willing to send into our lives the power and comfort of the Holy Spirit.

May God be praised as I identify myself as an "insider" of this renewed movement in Christ's church, but Father McDonnell and many open people like him are more inside than they realize. I feel that past and present editors and writers for magazines and papers like *Commonweal* have been inside the charismatic movement for some time. Many of them have just not realized it.

The fact that Father McDonnell wrote such a good article and the fact that *Commonweal* printed it is proof enough for me that the Spirit is truly working among you in great power. I look forward to hearing of your various experiences of Pentecost in your lives.

(REV.) PAUL KABAT, OMI
Campus pastor,
Bemidji State College

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